

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Cooper.*

Vol. 11.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 9.

*The Mission of Christianity to Our Dumb Animals.*  
FROM A DISCOURSE BY REV. CLAY MACCAULEY,  
AT ALL SOULS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
DEC. 1, 1878.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 15.

Our characters are formed largely by reflex action. Cruelty instigates to more cruelty, and kindness only makes one more kind. As we are and act, so do we only the more make ourselves to be and do. While, then, for the moment, we grant that we are irresponsible masters of the brute world, and may use the lower creatures as we will; let no one forget, that, as he uses them, so will he, in a great measure, make himself. As some writer has said: "Cruelty harms the actor more even than the victim. The Spanish bull-fights damage the Spanish character more than they injure the infuriated animals. Our worst horse-races demoralize the spectators more than the horses. He who kicks a dog, is himself the one who gets the worst hurt. As the heaviest end of slavery's chain was on the neck of the white man, so all cruelty injures the author more than the victim. Let a child grow up fond of tormenting the cat or dog, or of needlessly causing suffering even among reptiles and insects, and he is in danger of becoming a heartless man. It is a sure process of demoralization. To hate, to torment the meanest living thing, is but preparing to be regardless of human rights; while, on the other hand, to protect and love the lower animals, is to cultivate those finer dispositions by which the man or woman is ennobled. Children should be educated to be kind to animals with as much care as not to abuse their playmates, for whatever traits of character they manifest are hardened and perfected by use, as much as are the muscles of the arm by exercise." And Lamartine said: "When we do not abuse our superiority and our sovereignty over animals, we have in them servants and friends; when we abuse them we have only victims; and, as always happens in such a case, tyranny perverts the tyrant from brutality towards the animal to ferocity towards man; there is only the difference of the victim. To take the animal into the sphere of duties and charities which are imposed upon us, is to improve man himself." Let no one then forget that merely upon the ground of selfishness, it is best for him to be considerate of the health and comfort of the creatures he claims have been made to serve him.

I do not, however, admit that this claim is justly made, nor am I willing to allow that even the

chief end of the existence of the brute creation is to minister to human need and pleasure. Man is the head of this earth's creatures, and, doubtless, by his superior power and knowledge, and for the furtherance of his wise purposes, is justified in using the lower animals in his service; but I think with Dr. Hedge that the brute really "exists no more for man, than the man exists for the brute;" that "both are children of one Father, both bear his signature in the miracle of life." Upon this thought I lay the foundation of my discourse of "The Mission of Christianity to Our Dumb Animals."

There is a community of life among all creatures. "The animal kingdom is not separated from us by a gulf which places them beyond our sympathy and fellow feeling. So far as we are animals they are fellow creatures with us, children of one Father, partakers of one life. It follows from this view that brutes have claims on human sympathy and good-will. We are not at liberty to deal with them as mere chattels and commodities, without sensibilities or rights." There is a sense, then, in which, whatever may be our privileges, as superior animals and as self-conscious, purposing spirits, there are inalienable rights on the part of those who are by nature inferior to us, which we are bound to respect.

The mission of Christianity to our dumb animals, I hold, therefore, to be an administration of mercy and justice by us to the brute world, not wholly unlike that which we believe our Father in heaven bestows upon ourselves. As our Father blesses us, so should we bless our dumb fellow creatures. As we obtain mercy, so should we be merciful. As divine love cares for us, so should our human love care for those dependent upon us. We should free ourselves of that miserable self-conceit which leads us to think that the lower creatures are made only to gratify our wants and pleasures; and that there is no return obligation resting upon us. We are all parts of one universe, and partakers of one life, existing all under the care of one Lord. To quote again from Dr. Hedge's noble sermon on the Brute Creation: "The happiness of all his creatures we must believe to be equally dear to the Maker of all, and the well-being of each as much the end for which that creature exists as human well-being is the end of man. The joy of an insect sporting in the sun is as much an end of God's creation as the supreme ecstasy of an immortal soul. The lower orders exist not for the sake of man alone any more than man exists for theirs." Man is only the

head of the earthly life. Each created thing has "the same right with him to a place in nature and a share in its joys." The earth and the fullness thereof are really the Lord's only, and all creatures are but co-laborers with their human head in serving the will of the one only rightful Ruler.

With this Christian conception of the creation there should not be the slightest doubt that a professedly Christian people should minister to the happiness and welfare of the animal world. They should, therefore, cordially welcome the establishment of every instrumentality for the advancement not only of the usefulness, but also of the comfort of the brute creation, and they should aid in each effort for the prevention of cruelty to animals, for the extension of a spirit of positive benevolence towards them, and for the education of mankind into a better knowledge of animal nature, so as to hasten the removal of those abuses of ignorance which even well-meaning persons commit.

It is said to be a fact, which even some non-Christian nations use as a reproach against Christianity, that the peoples of Christendom, and especially the American people, are more cruel to animals than any other of the world's nations. It is the accusation that both by intention and through ignorance we cause more suffering in the brute world than any other people produce. It becomes of exceeding importance, therefore, that the Christian sentiment active among us should impel us to remove this great reproach from our name; that our people should become in real humane worth, as well as in political and economical excellence, the chief nation of the world; that by animal protection societies, by proper education in our schools and homes, and by all other needed means we should do away with the neglect, misuse, and abuse of the dumb animals, of which I regret to admit, we are, to a large extent, justly accused.

I will not here specify, at length, the wrongs of which we are guilty to our fellow-beings of the lower world; but that I may suggest some lines for your own observation, I call attention to the fact that chief among the evils which we, as a people, inflict upon the dumb animals, are those which have arisen from our consuming *haste to become rich*. Out of greed of gain we have made, especially, our beasts of draught and burden, the sufferers. In our desire to secure the fullest money return from our invested capital, the animals employed in our service have been

taxed beyond their strength, and when overburdened have been worked beyond a proper time, and when overloaded and overworked have often been so underfed that, for example, in our great cities, the sights witnessed daily in the streets of straining, wearied, and emaciated horses, are enough to make a sympathetic soul indignant that a people calling themselves by the name of Him who was most gentle, patient, and just, should for a moment allow such inhumanity to exist. There must be something fundamentally wrong in a civilization in which that noble animal of the wilderness, the horse, who in the book of Job is described as girt with strength, whose neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible, who rejoiceth in his strength, has become the spiritless, crippled, gaunt slave, harnessed to our wagons, drays, omnibuses and street cars. Somewhere guilt must be seen to lie, when the horse as he is in Arabia, fleet and free as the wind, yet at the same time gentle and obedient to the feeblest word or touch of his master, is contrasted with the lazy, obstinate, and vicious animal we often see in our streets. Surely in both Arabia and America the brute slave has become only what his human master has made him. As a rule, the condition and character of the laboring horse in our country is a shame to those who own him. He is often cared for with no regard to his comfort or improvement. He is often put under the care of only ignorant, impatient, and petulant drivers; fed meanly and worked severely. This injustice it is that has degraded him, and put us to shame before even the pagan world; and until we shall compel ourselves, by law and by an aroused humane sentiment, to right the wrong, we are denying the very name we profess to love most. I am glad to be able to say that during the past fifty years vigorous efforts have been made to do away with the reproach upon us. One of the best works of the last half century has been the organization in Europe and America of societies for the protection of animals, and, in consequence, some efficient legislation in behalf of these much abused creatures. In several States of our Union it is now a crime to overload, beat, or maltreat in any way our beasts of burden. May such law soon be on every statute-book in the land; and behind each law a public opinion that will insist on its enforcement!

Another and equally lamentable effect of the spirit of covetousness among the people of the United States is seen in the manner in which animals for food are transported to and from different parts of the country, a matter in which the strong arm of Congress cannot too soon interfere, and that effectually. The cruelties of the stock-trains and cattle-yards, for example, are most barbarous. My purpose, however, is not to specify at length these abuses. I desire only to point out the broad field, which any one can see is filled with witnesses against a people professedly Christian. In Christianity the law of charity is always higher than that of selfishness. A Christian people have no right to gain a penny, if, in gaining it, they wantonly degrade, or inflict pain upon any of the creatures they use in seeking their own welfare and happiness.

But our greed of gain is not the only source of the wrongs we do to the brute creation. Often persons who do not at all intend to be cruel, yet through ignorance and thoughtlessness, bring much suffering upon the animal world. In this way, sometimes, the most well-meaning people are at fault. Some, who are indignant at the cruelty of vicious men, who reprobate the gross inhumanities I could name, nevertheless, oftener than one would at first suppose, cause almost as much suffering as they would produce by intentional cruelty. In this direction there is a special demand that Christian humanity should work. Those who think should try to make careless people thoughtful about their relation to animals, and those who know should teach others who are ignorant, what the nature and needs of these creatures are. Especially with respect to those animals which man "do-

mesticates and subsidizes to his use" or pleasure, these no one has a right to take into his charge, if he is not determined to give them a genuinely Christian care. For example: How often it is that otherwise really kind-hearted people allow a pet animal to be mutilated, with the absurd notion that thereby they add to its beauty. How often persons calling themselves Christian, instead of quickly and mercifully taking the lives of animals they cannot keep, will carry them to some distant place in the town, or country, and leave them without food, or shelter, to find homes if they can, or perish, as most of them must. Birds imprisoned in cages, unable to supply their wants, are left for a long time without proper care or food, sometimes exposed to cold winds, sometimes to severe heat, by persons who have not a thought that they are doing wrong. Horses, even at this day, are reined back in the harness with too tightly drawn check-reins, and their eyes are covered with those useless and injurious things called blinders, in spite of the discomfort and diseases these things cause. And often, on the streets of our cities, we see thoughtless men and women compel horses attached to crowded cars to go through the strain of starting the cars, merely that themselves may be carried a few steps farther, or that the cars may be dragged a score or so of feet to meet them. These things are but the beginning of a long catalogue, I shall not repeat, but which may be read by almost any thoughtful person. I will not leave this part of my discourse, however, without calling attention to one more wrong to animals, which even good people are in the habit of committing, a wrong whose evil cannot be too seriously considered. I refer to the habit of selling animals whose usefulness has ceased, through injury or old age, to men who treat them in spite of injury, or age, in an inhuman manner. A horse transferred from the kind care of its owner, to the cruelties of the usual owner of a tip-cart, is one of the saddest sights I am daily compelled to witness. Not one of the miserable creatures, which may any day be seen limping along our streets, should be allowed there. Most ungrateful to a faithful servant is the man who sends a horse to this fate. If the animal is old, and if his care in old age is too expensive, in the name of all that is merciful, let him be at once put out of existence. Surely his work during youth and strength has paid for his cost over and over again.

In man's relation to even wild animals the same law of justice and mercy, made consistent, of course, with the highest good of all, should also prevail. I cannot now, much as I wish I could, treat this part of our topic. I will say, however, that while I admit that man may destroy brute life when his own or others' welfare or life is imperilled by it, or when he, as an animal, needs it for food, let him never forget that the same law of self-defence which rules him in his relations with men, should also, in substance, guide him in his relations with the animal world; and that even the right to animal food has the limitation that it should never be exercised unless it is used promptly, effectually, and with as little cruelty as possible.

My subject is hardly begun, and yet I have already passed the limits of my time. But if by anything I have said, I shall induce you to follow in the direction I have pointed out, my aim will have been successful. Remember that what I have begun to say proceeds, from the great truth that the world with its fulness is the infinite Father's; that peace and good-will have been promised to all the earth, and that man, God's intelligent creature, should carry the good tidings to every fellow being, until the whole creation shall be freed from bondage. So, then, go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature. This is a positive Christian duty, for whose performance every Christian is responsible. Love will beget love, mercy will hasten mercy, justice will be answered by justice, until, the world over, the discords of nature shall be merged in a universal harmony.

### "Go Quickly."

The sentiment of this charge, as we have supposed it to lie in the angel's heart, unfolds itself for us into large applications. Do your good deeds,—all that you have the heart to do at all, all that you are Christian enough to devise and desire,—do them promptly and at once. The kind thing that you design for any fellow-creature, do not delay it: that is the spirit of the angel's words to the Marys, and to all of us. Is there any suffering anywhere that you would and can relieve?—make haste. Hours and moments are long to a sufferer; let your sympathies make them long to you. Shorten them by your swift steps and prompt deeds; the good deed done quickly is twice done; a seasonable service is doubled in value. Is there a gracious word for you to speak to somebody, a word that will give comfort, a word of good cheer, a word of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of peace, a word of good news from afar, or of gladness at home? As soon as it is in your thoughts, or in your heart, fly to utter it, that there may be no postponement of the blessing and the joy. Will your presence carry light, strength, courage, to anybody within your reach? It is an angel's visit that you are privileged to make; make it quickly; wait not for milder airs and drier grounds or any more convenient season. Are there any to whom you owe reparation? Do not let the sense of wrong rankle in their breasts a moment longer than you can help; set that right instantly; you want wings for such an errand as that. Do you stand in any relationship which needs to be made happier, and can be? To-morrow is not soon enough for it. Lives there one whom, by any counsel or influence you can save, or turn from any single act of folly or sin? Delay not to send that joy up to heaven. Is there any errand of charity or mercy appealing to you? Seize the first moment; take the shortest road; want and distress cannot wait for laggard steps,—at least the heart in you, though colder and more selfish than an angel's, should not let you feel that they can wait. Be it the law of your heart that the brother who can be gladdened to-day must not lie weeping or pining to-night. Whom can you save from a wakeful and tossing anxiety this night? Let not to-morrow's sun bear witness against you for sluggish steps and a careless heart.—*Dr. Putnam's Sermons.*

DON'T WHIP. — A parent who doesn't know how to govern a child without whipping it ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it was necessary to lash their dogs in training them for the field. They know now that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought that it was necessary to whip colts to teach them to start and stop at the word, and pull steadily. They now know that an apple is better than the lash, and a caress better than a blow. If dogs and horses can be thus educated without punishment, what is there in our children which makes it necessary to slap and pound them? Have they less intelligence? have they cold hearts? are they lower in the scale of being? We have heard many old people say, "If we were to bring up another child we would never whip it." They are wise, but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped into goodness, he has done so much for them that even whipping can't ruin them; that is, as a rule. But, alas, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or deceitful, or permanently ugly. Whipping makes children lie. Whipping makes them steal. Whipping breaks their spirit. Whipping makes them hate their parents. Whipping makes home distasteful—makes the boys runaways, makes the girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.—*Golden Rule.*

"The generous Heart  
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others Pain."  
—*Thomson.*



[Correspondence.]

OAKWOOD, BUFFALO, Jan. 4.

Editor of Our Dumb Animals:

Dear Sir, — I was very much surprised on receiving the January number of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, to find such an untruthful article in regard to our society. Knowing the source from which it came, it cannot have any bad effect in our city, but to strangers it would convey a false impression.

Our society was the second formed in this country, and has from that time gone forward steadily and unflinchingly. We have been so long in successful operation that we have become a terror to evil-doers, so that at present our work is one of prevention rather than arrest. We have the sympathy and assistance of the entire police force of our city, and at each monthly meeting the chief sends in his report.

I enclose some notices which have appeared within two months in our daily papers. You will see by them how false is the statements in the article; we gave close attention to the canal this season, and have ordered a large number of horses from the tow-path, as unfit for service.

The founders of our society, Hon. ex-President Fillmore, Rev. Dr. Lord, J. Sexton, Esq., and others, are now dead, and we feel that we must not allow the good work to go backward. The ground we have gained in this city will never be abandoned. We have systematized everything, so that we move quietly but vigorously.

Your truly,

Mrs. JOHN C. LORD,

Pres. Soc. P. C. A.

P. S. May I ask you to give my article a place in your columns.

## Dighton.

"I return no complaints investigated. Still I am investigating as I have opportunity, — giving advice, trying to set a 'good example' before my neighbors and townsmen; now and then talking to children of the public schools, &c. I notice improvements in some directions, and anticipate still greater ones in the future. It will take time, — a more thorough and humane education, to do what is so needful. Many people have still much to learn, but the work will go on."

## Rumney.

"A lady in this town has nailed a salt-box outside of an upper window within reach, and keeps food in it for the snow-birds, looking after it each day. This causes a great deal of chattering among our feathered friends, as the contents are most thoroughly discussed. They found the box at once."

"As you are well aware, there is hardly a day passes wherein we cannot find opportunity to relieve and benefit some poor animal, even though no necessity may exist for the prosecution of the owner."

AN AGENT.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Eyesight of the Horse.

The keenness of sight in the horse is something marvellous. In the darkest night, when the rider can see neither earth nor sky, he lets go the rein, and is safely taken back by the road he took in coming, though the horse had never trodden it before. I have had many proofs of this mysterious gift on the mountains and by-roads in Wales. My own sight was then as keen as any other human being's, but on two occasions I might as well have been stone blind. From the horse's feet to the zenith there was not the slightest shade of a difference in color, yet, through bushes and brooks, over rocks and broken ground, I was taken as safely as at noonday! And the horse is a wonderful physiognomist, too. He can see a smile or frown on your face and understand it as distinctly as when you are patting or chiding him. Noble servant! Yea, more — noble friend! W. P.

"Poise the cause in justice equal scales,  
Whose Beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails."  
—Shakespeare.

## Pigeon Shooting.

I have no doubt but that gentlemen who shoot pigeons, and ladies who delight in looking on, believe it to be a harmless amusement which hurts nobody, or they wouldn't indulge in it. But the same people punish their children for pulling the kitten's tail, or sticking pins into pet dogs. Ladies and gentlemen will bribe stewards on the steamers to keep their pet canines out of "horrid, dark, lonely places" provided for dogs, but consider most complacently the transportation of birds for them to be shot at, even when they know that twenty out of a consignment may be trampled to death and smothered by the others, and every pigeon made to suffer by the confinement of hundreds in one box, who are nearer dead than alive when they get to their destination. Almost stupefied, sometimes too much so to rise, always terror-stricken, these poor birds are put into a trap and frightened nearly to death by a stuffed cat run out to confront them on an endless wire, and in their frantic efforts to get away from the sham cat, they fly before a sportsman's gun, and it is a happy bird that is killed outright. It doesn't sound manly, but it must be a manly, noble sport, or gentlemen and ladies would not so love it. A man will sit up all night and watch a favorite horse suffering from a bruise or sprain; a woman will cry herself to sleep over injuries, by a prowling cat, to a pet canary; and yet they are never haunted by wounded pigeons with broken legs or maimed wings, left to die of starvation, helpless and fluttering; for many are unfortunate enough, with all their disadvantages, to escape the fatal shot of the brave sportsmen, and are able to flutter off outside of bounds, where they are left uncounted and forgotten, save by Him who notes the fall of every sparrow. Sometimes a wounded bird will reach some place of safety beyond the limit within which all who fall are counted, and then live for a couple of days, or till it falls dead from pain and want of food. Among the freight of a steamer, I once saw hundreds of pigeons in a box, on their way to the gun-club grounds. The bottom of the box was covered with dead birds, and all looked wretched. At that time small boys were employed to throw stones at the dazed pigeons, who were too frightened or too weak to leave the trap when opened, while the courageous enemy stood waiting, gun in hand. The stuffed cat is a comparatively recent invention. On the same steamer, though not on the same trip, and in going away from Newport, I was once shown the champion shot at the gun-club meeting that day. It was a great day; ladies were there in large numbers, and hundreds of birds were killed. I caught sight of the man who was covered with the glory of having killed the most trapped doves in this contest, just as he made some remark to a strange lady and was seized by one of the boat's officers and a friend, into whose arms he fell in a state of unconscious intoxication and was carried into a state-room to sleep off his condition. To a man who could so lose all sense of decency as to make himself unfit to travel with his fellow-beings, and a terror to all ladies whom he came near, I did not so much wonder that there was nothing cruel or debasing in pigeon shooting. But I have to recognize the fact that gentlemen of culture, high breeding, self-respect, and even tender hearts for horses and kittens, approve and delight in pigeon killing, while ladies who are ladies, revel in witnessing it!

## Salt on Side-Walks, and in Streets.

It gives us great pleasure to record the fact, that an order has been issued by our City Board of Health, which forbids the use of salt on side-walks and streets for the removal of ice and snow, on sanitary grounds. It is being followed up by prosecutions. In this, the board is sure to have behind it a strong public opinion; and it has the thanks of many more than it can be aware of.

To a crazy ship, all winds are contrary.

## The Sheep's Sense of Hearing.

It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing, that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others, all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice, even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lambs during the shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn, the lambs would be put into a fold by themselves, and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad mamma" which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and most deplorable looking creature. At the sight of this it would wheel about, uttering a most piteous cry of despair. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again; the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away, and sometimes repeat this conduct for ten or a dozen times before it fully understood that the shorn ewe was in reality its mother. — Wood.

## Shepherd Dogs in Spain.

There is no driving of the flock in Spain. When the shepherd wishes to remove his sheep, he calls a tame wether, accustomed to feed from his hands, and the favorite, however distant, obeys his call, while the rest follow. One or more of the dogs, with large collars armed with spikes, in order to protect them from the wolves, precede the flock; others skirt it on each side, and some bring up the rear. If a sheep be ill or lame, or lag behind unobserved by the shepherds, the dog stays with it and defends it until some one returns in search for it. — Dogs and their Ways.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Cats.

Sometimes people say that cats have no affection, are treacherous, thievish, cannot be taught, &c., but I am sure that they are greatly mistaken, for if kindly treated they display much affection. My kitty comes to my chamber-door every morning to ask admittance, and oh how glad she is to jump upon the bed and give her morning kiss. A child does not evince more heartfelt pleasure. I think treachery is the wrong word. The cat is naturally suspicious and sensitive, and does not easily forget an injury; unlike the dog that crouches at the feet of his master who has beaten him, the cat bravely defends herself. Feed a cat regularly and well and I question whether she is more thievish than any other animal. In respect to the amount of food a cat requires, my experience shows that cats need a great deal, and that feeding them properly does not interfere with their catching mice, for they are hunters by nature, and will catch rats and mice though they may not eat them. As to their susceptibility of instruction, let any doubter try to teach a young cat, and he will soon find how well he succeeds, provided, of course, that he is gentle, patient and kind. We are surprised at the intelligence of our gray kitten. If she sees me putting on my hat, she runs directly to the outer door, stretches out her paws — arms, I call them — and uses every means in her power to open it. She follows us like a dog. At meal times she is quiet until we are all seated at the table, when, if I do not wait upon her, she takes me by the sleeve and holds on until I pay attention to her wants. Cats, like many other animals, have more understanding than is generally conceded to them. L. B. U.

"THE old watch-dog 'Fidelity,' the only living being that passed through the great Chicago fire alive, recently died of old age. The faithful fellow was at his post in the Fidelity safe depository that terrible night, and was afterwards safely rescued from the unoccupied vault in the basement where he took refuge.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, February, 1879.

## Our February Paper.

A part of a sermon by Rev. Mr. MacCauley at Washington D. C., has a welcome place in this paper. Its hearty words in behalf of the dumb cattle during transportation, and its noble recognition of man's duty to "every creature," will receive a hearty response. Would that all pulpits were equally faithful!

We were indebted to a Cambridge friend for a photograph of the famous "Grey Friars' Bobby," of Edinburgh, from which our engraving was made. The dog was living when the original picture was obtained. His story has appeared before in "Our Dumb Animals"; but no apology can be necessary for reprinting it in connection with the copy of his photograph, which has not appeared before.

An account of prizes offered by the London Society, for improvement in cattle-cars, will command attention. The idea of adding a prize for getting the improved cars into use upon some railway line, has the merit of novelty, as well as sound practical wisdom. Somebody must have found out there, that because an improvement has been made, it does not necessarily follow that it will be used.

If any reader desires a striking proof of what kindly human companionship has done, let him read Mr. Waring's account of the training which has helped to give the world the Jersey cow.

We print, with great pleasure, a communication from a highly esteemed officer of the Buffalo Society, in answer to a brief article in our last from a Buffalo paper.

We invite the attention of Massachusetts readers to the articles upon pigeon shooting, and upon the need of a law to give authority to kill suffering animals in certain cases.

Miss Wilburn's articles always indicate long and careful study, as well as a deep heart-experience. With the latter, many of our readers can fully sympathize. Her stories and poems indicate, and are suggested by, a singularly wide field of personal observation.

We trust that the children, and all their friends, during this inclement season, will read the article, and gladly remember to "feed the birds," whether in city or country.

The duties of all who keep stock, we may add, of having them well sheltered, and of covering all horses while standing on road or street, are most urgent just now.

We will name, further, only the glowing words of Rev. Dr. Putnam, upon going "quickly" to do whatsoever should be done, and the pleasant anecdote of Isaac T. Hopper, by Mrs. Child.

## Directors' Meeting.

The January meeting of the Directors of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was held at its rooms, on Wednesday, the 15th, President Angell in the chair.

Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Wigglesworth, Mrs. Homans, Mrs. Iasigi, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Chaney, Miss Lyman, and Messrs. Angell, Heywood, and Firth.

The record of the last meeting was read and

approved. The receipts and payments in December were presented, and referred to the Finance Committee.

The Secretary reported that bonds had been given the city of Boston, of three thousand dollars each, by Messrs. Sawyer, Angell, and Firth, as authorized by the Directors at the December meeting, and that Messrs. Currier, Baker, and Langlan, are all again special police officers, in accordance with the rules of the Police Commission.

The subject of further state legislation was considered, and the following votes were passed:

*Voted*, 1. That the Directors of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are of opinion: That, with due safeguards for private rights, there ought to be in Massachusetts a law authorizing the killing of diseased and suffering animals.

2. That pigeon-shooting from traps ought to be prohibited by law in Massachusetts, as it has already been in several other States.

*Voted*, That a committee of five be appointed by the President to consider, and to present them to the Legislature for its action, if they shall approve.

The President appointed Messrs. Firth, Heywood, O'Reilly, Sawyer, and Hill; to which the President was added as chairman, by vote of the Directors.

A report was made of the action of the National Humane Association on the subject of the new bill to protect cattle in transportation. The shortness of the present session of Congress is the chief hindrance, it is now believed to the passage of the bill.

Letters of acceptance had been received from the ladies and gentlemen who had been elected honorary members of our Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the last meeting, with hearty expressions of appreciation of the distinction.

A second edition, of 5,000 copies, of the "Service of Mercy" had been published, the first, of the same number, having been circulated.

Complaints were made of the increase of the number of lame horses in our street cars since the hard travelling began; and, also, that there is much overloading by teamsters, regard being had to the condition of the streets.

Hearty approval was expressed for the new rule of the city Board of Health in forbidding the use of salt on sidewalks and streets.

The President announced the receipt of a check of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) for the Society, signed by the Hon. Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and which he sent as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary A. Keith, his deceased sister. Mrs. K. was a warm friend of our Society, and had expressed her desire to promote its objects. Since her death, her two children had requested the above sum should be paid, in her name, to our Society.

The Directors unanimously—

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Directors be conveyed to Mr. Flint and to Joseph L. and Mary A., children of Mrs. Mary A. Keith, for their generous and most welcome gift to the Society in her name.

*Voted*, That the name of Mrs. Mary A. Keith, be enrolled on the noble list of benefactors of our merciful work.

At 12½ o'clock the meeting adjourned.

## Service of Mercy, and Animal Intelligence.

On the 19th of January, the "Service of Mercy" was used by the Sunday school of the Church of the Disciples, of this city, of which the Rev. James Freeman Clarke is minister. The large school joined heartily in hymns, songs, and responses. Remarks were made by its superintendent, Mr. William H. Baldwin, in hearty commendation of the work the Society had done. Our Secretary drew attention to the fact that this public consideration of the obligations of man to the dumb creation by that church, was in harmony with its plan. In its annual arrangement of lessons, for the Sunday-school year, one Sunday had been set apart by it for this high purpose; the text for January 19th being Matthew x. 29; and the religious obligation, to carry the spirit of Christianity to every creature, having always been acknowledged there.

Mr. Clarke followed with an account of some animals he had known, in illustration of their intelligence. When he was in South Carolina, he said, he had seen a sea-anemone, one of the lowest forms of animal life, kept in a tumbler of water on a table in the house of a lady friend. When that lady put her hand into the tumbler, it would put its little tentacles around one of her fingers, and keep them there until her finger was removed. It would not do so to anybody else. Was this not a recognition of her friendly relation to it? He went on to say that he had owned a horse and a dog, and that he never used a whip with his horse. The horse always knew by his words, or tones, what he wanted of him, and did his best to meet all demands. Between this horse and dog there was a strong affection, which led them to be a good deal together. The dog would fetch apples for the horse, and there would be much play between them, before the dog would finally lie down on his back, and let the horse take the apple out of his mouth.

Speaking further of the dog, Mr. Clarke said that at one time his son went from home for three months during the war. While he was away, the dog would often go to the railway station, and wait there as if it expected somebody; and when the son came home, the joy of the dog was excessive. He turned round and round, he jumped upon him, and about him, and, finally, ran off out of sight, returning, after awhile, with an apple, which he laid at his son's feet!

It was delightful to watch the attentive faces of the whole school, as they followed every word of the instructive lessons of their beloved minister.

## A New Law Wanted.

Our Directors are unanimously of opinion that there ought to be in Massachusetts a law to enable agents of our Society, under just restrictions, to kill suffering animals which are past recovery. A statement of a case of recent occurrence will best illustrate what was in their minds.

A captain of police came to our office one day, and reported that a horse was in a suffering condition on a neighbor's farm, in one of the outlying wards; that it could not get well, and that no one knew its owner. The horse had been in the lot several days. No one had appeared to claim it, nor was it known who left it. The policeman gave his own opinion that mercy required the



horse to be killed, and he asked the attention of the Society to the case, with that end in view. On further inquiry, it appeared that the owner of the land had called the attention of the police to the case, and, while both farmer and police thought the horse ought to be killed, neither were willing to assume the responsibility of the act.

One of our agents went immediately to see the animal, and brought back word that the representations of its condition were true; that it could not live long, and mercy required it to be killed. The agent further said that all whom he saw, were of the opinion that the horse had been left there to die. The Secretary saw but one course for the Society to take, and that was to relieve the horse, by death, from suffering, and he assumed the necessary responsibility. As our law has no provision for such a case, the Secretary knew, of course, there was a pecuniary risk in the course taken.

The man who killed the horse, we may add, confirmed the general judgment of the necessity of the act, and of the little pecuniary value of the animal.

In a few weeks afterwards, however, an owner appeared! and evidence that the horse had a considerable value was said to be in existence!

It is not because of any possible results of this case that we have referred to it; but as an illustration of the condition of our law. The damages in such cases can be of little account; but the costs may be a very considerable sum. If a jury shall refuse to recognize any other value in an animal so destroyed, than the shoes upon its feet, that would, of course, throw the costs upon whomsoever had done the act of mercy. It never could have been the intention of our law-makers to offer a premium for the abandonment, or the apparent abandonment of suffering creatures, as the law now, practically, does.

In our neighboring State of Maine, the law provides that

"Any officer or agent of said society [meaning the Maine Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals] may lawfully destroy, or cause to be destroyed, any animal found abandoned, and not properly cared for, appearing, in the judgment of two reputable persons, called by him to view the same in his presence, to be glandered, injured, or past recovery for any useful purpose."

May we not confidently expect, at the hands of the present legislature, a law to meet this need?

## *The New Cattle Bill at Washington.*

A trusted and competent representative of the American Humane Association has been to Washington to look over the field. After consultation with the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee, and with many other members, he came to the conclusion that this session is too short, and, also, that more preliminary work in the way of public enlightenment, and in the way of co-operation with some of the great interests affected, will be needed, preparatory to bringing the subject, with increased strength, before the next Congress. On the other hand, there are men who believe that the closing days of a session, when business and not buncombe is in the ascendant, are the most propitious days of all. Such men are hopeful and active to the end. With them our sympathies naturally go. They have the daring without

which success is impossible. Their danger is, that they may be too anxious for immediate results, and so be too ready to give up what ought not to be given up; and sometimes, it must be confessed, there are others with a looseness of moral fibre, which makes all results doubtful that depend upon their action.

We should welcome defeat, of course, rather than win, or seem to win by questionable means, or by such compromises as would make the law unsuitable for the great end of lessening suffering; or with a law which shall show such a regard for private interests, as would and ought to lead to its early amendment and possible destruction.

We shall, however, cherish the hope to the end, that there will be found a sufficient number of members interested in a just bill, from high public considerations, to secure its passage. It were better to be disappointed in this, we think, than to share in a distrust of the character and honor of a majority of our members of Congress. And great shall be the deservings of every man, in and out of Congress, who shall help in securing a righteous law before the 4th of March. The signature of Pres. Hayes is happily assured by his message.

## *Anecdote of Friend Hopper.*

We gladly welcome the following communication from a well-known and venerable friend to our good cause. Her words will always find a glad place in our columns.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Friend Isaac T. Hopper, though very sturdy and persistent in his resistance of all wrong, had a natural vein of humor, which often caused his rebukes to excite a smile. When he lived in Third Street, New York, a passing teamster one day stopped in front of his house and began to beat his overloaded horse. Friend Hopper stepped out and said, "Friend, didst thou ever hear that some folks believe that when we die, if we haven't behaved ourselves in this world, we shall have to come back here again, in the shape of dogs and horses?"

The man stared, as if a little doubtful of the speaker's sanity, and then slowly answered, "No, I never heard anybody preach such a doctrine."

"But I assure thee," replied Friend Hopper, "there are a great many people in the world who do believe it; and I am thinking if thou should'st have to come back in the form of a horse, thou would'st be glad to have a kinder master than thou art."

The man smiled, took the hint good-naturedly, and walked away gently leading his tired horse by the bridle. Perhaps, in after times, if tempted to beat his horse, he remembered the pleasant old Quaker, and imagined how he should feel if he were a horse.

L. MARIA CHILD.

## *Public Health Association.*

Mr. Angell recently read a paper before the Social Science Association, in Boston, on the subject of adulterations of human food, of a startling character. It is now attracting wide attention and discussion. It is hoped that one result of it will be a Public Health Association, which will make it its business to test all articles of food suspected of having been tampered with, and to bring the guilty to trial.

## *The Louise King Association of Savannah, Ga.*

By a recent number of the "Savannah News," we are glad to see that this association is actively at work. Our cordial sympathy is with its officers. It has given us pleasure to send them of our documents for circulation.

## *Another Departed Friend.*

On the 31st of December last, Mrs. Lavina Hatch, of East Pembroke, died in Boston, aged 82. She had been a life member of our Society since 1871, and one of its earnest friends from its organization. She was among the earliest subscribers to our paper, and has constantly aided in its circulation. She was especially anxious that children should appreciate the work and purposes of the Society.

While she was mindful of all charities, the cause we advocate held the highest place in her affections, and she showed her regard so strongly, as to have been deemed an extremist. She insisted upon making her daughter a life member, a few years ago, when there seemed to be a good opportunity to use the money for other purposes. We are glad to make this record of one who, for so many years, has been one of our most earnest friends. From the local paper we extract the following tribute:

"Some in this vicinity will remember the deceased, as she was for many years of her earlier life a woman of great activity, always ready to aid in all good objects and charities, and one whose judgment could be relied upon for all occasions. Remarkably clear in her reasoning capacities, she rarely failed to grasp the chief points of a subject, hence her deductions were almost invariably correct. Amid great sufferings and confirmed ill health for more than half a century, she retained her faculties to the end, and kept up with all the progress and reforms of the outer world, while an invalid confined to her home. She has passed on to the other life, there to continue her unselfish work, without the sufferings that trammelled her here."

F. B. F.

## *A Horrible Crime.*

Our General Agent, Capt. Currier, has sent the following statement. We rarely publish particulars of cruelty; but the incredulity sometimes expressed, can only be fairly met by facts.

"The most brutal case of horse-beating ever brought to our attention, was tried in the District Court at Concord on the 16th of January.

"The defendant was one James Medill, a farmer from Lexington, whose horse, on the previous Monday, was stalled in the snow with a load of apple pumice. After "coaxing his horse for an hour," as he said, it was shown that he clubbed the animal severely. He then took him from the shafts, stripped him of his harness, strapped up one of his forelegs, and again beat him most unmercifully, the poor beast struggling to free himself, as evidenced by the snow in the vicinity, which was sprinkled with blood!

"Not content with this, Medill procured from a neighboring farm-house a heavy iron bar, the point of which he thrust into the flank of the horse, and finished by crushing in his skull with it! He was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars and costs, and ninety days imprisonment in jail." C. A. C.

## *Pigeon Shooting.*

At the last meeting of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the question of asking for a law to prevent trap-shooting, had some consideration. Complaints have come frequently to us, on this subject, from the neighborhoods where the shooting is done, about Boston: more frequently from Readville and vicinity, and Lexington and vicinity, than elsewhere. "How can we be protected from

[Continued on page 72.]

## Children's Department.

[Copied for Our Dumb Animals by a Friend.]

*A True Story for Children and Kittens.*

A poor little kitten climbed up in a tree:  
Perhaps the world she wanted to see;  
Perhaps she thought the leafy bower  
Looked pleasant and cool in that noontide hour;  
But yet, however all this may be,  
One thing is certain, she climbed the tree.

But, ah! there was one thing she quite forgot,  
How to get down from that leafy top;  
And so, when she fain would get back to her home  
From which she'd that morning been tempted to roam,  
She clung to the limb in fear and affright,  
Not daring to move, up or down, left or right.

Now little kitty was in this sad state,  
Every moment expecting a terrible fate,  
Each one of the many who chanced to pass by,  
Looked up to the tree with a pitying eye;  
But while they were willing to give but their pity,  
'Twas nothing the better for poor little kitty!

Oh, here comes a news-boy, all ragged and torn!  
I hope he won't spy our poor little forlorn;  
I'm sure he would hurt her if once he should see  
Our kitty so helpless, high up in the tree.  
Ah! there he looks up! And see, we were right!  
He's laid down his papers: I'm all in a fright!

He climbs like a squirrel from branches to bough;  
He's caught her! oh, what will he do with her now?  
See! he's taken her gently, with care from the limb;  
Who would have expected such kindness from him?  
Now he's got little kitty, he places her—where?—  
In his ragged coat pocket I really declare!

Then, down from the tree-top, again on his feet,  
He takes kitty out from her funny retreat,  
And smoothing her fur, without any wild capers,  
He puts her down gently, then picks up his papers;  
And now without waiting for one thankful purr,  
Sings, "Times, Tribune, Herald, have a paper, sir?"

Now kittens attend: don't any where go,  
Unless the way back again surely you know;  
And children remember, great ones and small,  
The boys and the girls, newsboys and all,  
To always be gentle, and helpful, and kind,  
When kittens, or people, in trouble you find.

*Birds in Winter.*

Birds of all kinds suffer terribly in a severe frost. The running streams, the margins of lake and pond, the edges of the ditch, the puddles by the roadside, which in kinder times yielded plump caddis-grubs, and nourishing beetles, and wriggling red-worms, and aquatic larvæ of every kind and sort, are now converted by the touch of the relentless frost into one mass of solid ice. Nor do the fields and hedgerows offer better fare. In mild weather the standing grass on the ditch side is full of seed still unshed; at the roots of beech, and fir, and oak, and lime, and plane, and hornbeam, lie masses of fallen fruit, from which a rich living can easily be picked. A bird's bill, delicate as it may seem to those who have not studied its structure, is a weapon of singular strength; and if the ground is strewn with beech mast, and worms can force their way through the surface, then from the missel-thrush to the wren, and from the blackbird to the little hedge-sparrow, no denizen of our groves need starve. But when the earth for an inch or more below its surface is as hard as iron, and the snow wraps hedge and field alike in its thick white winding-sheet, then, indeed, the birds are sorely put to it. Thousands can be saved and kept from starvation if every mistress of the house will give instruction to sweep a small space free from snow, and throw to them every morning a few crumbs and bits of food. There are few kind actions which can be done more easily and cheaply. Our readers will do well to bear in mind that to

"sweep a small space free from snow" is absolutely essential. Birds are guided almost entirely by their sight, and when all nature is shrouded in snow they at once pick out and make for the first open spot. Wherever the ground is clear, there, they know, will something or other almost certainly be found. If sweeping the snow away from a patch some few yards square be impossible, then let ashes be sprinkled freely on the surface. Wherever the dreary white expanse is broken, there the birds will gather together. Meantime, those who would judge for themselves how intelligent are birds, and how soon they can be taught to recognize those who treat them kindly, have only to throw out each morning in their garden, or on their window-sill, or in the balcony, the crumbs from the breakfast-table, supplemented, if need be, with oats, hempseed, millet, or buckwheat. In a week the little creatures will come to their meal as regularly as the clock strikes the hour. In a month they will almost allow themselves to be taken in the hand. Let this be done through winter, and then in the spring let little boxes be fixed up, out of reach of cat and school-boy, and let small bags of hay and wool be hung close by, and the sparrow will build her nest and hatch out two if not three broods in full sight of the window. We have only to encourage birds and they will come to us.—*London Standard.*

*Anecdote of Garibaldi.*

It is related that one evening in 1861, as Gen. Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff, and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was immediately organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal, to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning, Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay, the attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes, and so did the attendant when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it.

*What Smoking Does for Boys.*

"A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored."—*Brit. Med. Journal.*

"Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
To shun their poison and to choose their food?  
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
Who made the spider parallels design,  
Sure as De Molvre, without rule or line?  
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before;  
Who calls the council, states the certain day;  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?"  
—*Pope.*

*Chickens.*

"I didn't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.  
"How do you know?—you were fast asleep."  
"I was under Mammy's wing,  
Stretching my legs like every thing,  
When all of a sudden I turned around,  
For close beside me I heard a sound—  
A little tip and a little tap."  
"Fiddle-de-dee! You had a nap,  
And, when you were only half awake,  
Heard an icicle somewhere break."  
"What's an icicle?" "I don't know;  
Rooster tells about ice and snow;  
Something that isn't as good as meal  
That drops down on you and makes you squeal!"  
"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!  
And think you didn't come out of an egg?  
I tell you I heard the old shell break,  
And the first small noise you ever could make;  
And Mammy croodled and puffed her breast,  
And pushed us further out of her nest,  
Just to make room enough for you;  
And there's your shell—I say 'tis true!"  
Chip looked over his shoulder then,  
And there it lay by the old gray hen—  
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,  
And he was a ball of yellow down,  
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,  
With the prettiest bill and the blackest eye.  
"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,  
"That is a wonderful piece of work!  
Peep, you silly! don't you see  
That she isn't nearly so big as me?  
Whatever you say, miss, I declare  
I never, never could get in there!"  
"You did!" says Peep. "I didn't!" says Chip;  
And Peep began to dance and peck,  
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.  
They pranced and struck, and capered about,  
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,  
As angry as two small chicks could be,  
Until mother Brahma turned to see.  
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—  
At it they went with might and main—  
Till at last the old hen used her beak,  
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,  
Staggered off on either side  
With a very funny skip and stride.  
"What dreadful nonsense!" said mother Hen,  
When she heard the story told again;  
"You're as bad as the humans that don't have wings,  
Nor feathers, nor combs, the wretched things!  
That's the way they fight and talk  
For what isn't worth a mullen-stalk.  
What does it matter, I'd like to know,  
Where you came from, or where you go?  
Keep your temper and earn your food;  
I can't catch worms for a fighting brood.  
I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;  
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"  
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,  
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;  
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,  
And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

—*The American Poultry World.**A Horse's Petition to his Driver.*

Going up hill, whip me not;  
Coming down hill, hurry me not;  
On level road, spur me not;  
Loose in the stable, flog me not.  
  
Of hay and corn, rob me not;  
Of clean water, stint me not!  
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;  
And soft, dry bed, deprive me not.  
  
Tired or hot, wash me not;  
If sick or old, chill me not;  
With bit or reins, oh, jerk me not;  
And when you are angry, strike me not.

—*A Fly Leaf of London Society P. C. A.*



[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
**The Story of Linda.**  
 BY CORA WILBURN.

Ever since I can remember, my life has been gladdened, cheered, and solaced by the companionship and affection of animals. If we devoutly believe that an all-wise Creator sends his ministrations of love through varied channels, may we not accept the tokens of devoted and intelligent service that mark the conduct of our dumb friends, as minor rays of the divine beneficence? I so believe; and with most grateful heart dwell on the evidences of faithful allegiance allotted me in compensation for much human sorrow and loneliness, from the hearts and minds of my favorites of the past.

In 1844, in the seaport of La Guayra, in Venezuela, my dear stepmother became the owner of a beautiful little poodle, named Linda. My father, who was a great lover of animals, especially of dogs, bought the little creature when she was two years old. She was white as snow, with silky hair that curled all over her; with large, rounded, merry and soft brown eyes; that were not almost, but quite human in their expression. She had a lovely disposition, never snarled, or was out of temper; and did not yelp and bark constantly, as so many of these small fellows do. She might have weighed about ten pounds, and was every way worthy of her name, which, in the Spanish, signifies "handsome."

I do not remember that Linda ever did anything to call out punishment, or even reproof; she was a thoroughly good little dog, and as happy as possible. A few months after Linda became a member of our family, my loving-hearted stepmother was called from earth to the immortal world, and the dog fell to my care. That same year she accompanied father and myself to Bordeaux, France; making the sea-voyage as contentedly as any reasonable and reasoning human being. She slept in a box in my state-room, and, quiet little animal that she was, awoke me one night by growls and yelps, giving me timely warning of the intrusion of a thievish passenger. The fear of even that little poodle chased away a strong, bad man; who, forgetting my faithful though diminutive protector, had half opened the door, which did not lock. The fellow was taken care of next day.

Linda spent a quiet, happy winter in the pleasant French city; she had no desire to ramble off without us; she did not care to make acquaintance with those of her own kind. In the spring we returned to Venezuela; and soon my respected father followed his loved wife to the blessed land. I came to the United States in 1848, and left my good little Linda with a worthy Scotch couple, where she was sure of a good home, and the best of treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Hill had no children, and being very kind-hearted persons, lavished much affection on the dog.

Linda lived to be sixteen years old; her temper unchanged, happy, as the good should always be, to the last. She grew fat in her declining years, and her teeth dropped out; but her loving, merry eyes retained their vision, and her hearing was unimpaired. Never was there any other sign of infirmity, or anything disagreeable about the dear little old dog. She was never sick for a day; but as she moved slower, and could only eat soft food, kind Mrs. Hill sent for the doctor. That gentleman, of equally kind heart with hers, told the good woman that it was impossible for him to prolong the life of the animal. "Ah," said he, shaking his finger at quiet Linda, grown old and clumsy, "I remember the time when you were the smartest little dog in all La Guayra!" Linda never had any offspring.

One morning, soon after the doctor's visit, Mrs. Hill called Linda to breakfast, and she did not answer. She was lying on her cushion in an easy position, and quite dead! As placid as had been her life, so gentle and painless had been her death. She had always been well cared for, and her days prolonged by judicious kindness. I was a young girl when I gave Linda into the tender hands that

cared for her so well. But looking back, I find I did not love her as she deserved; and that memory brings with it a twinge of remorse. Do we ever appreciate the offerings of unselfish love, till the hearts that gave them are with us no longer?

Amid the evergreen garland of immortal hope that is fragrant with the rose-blooms of imperishable love, there gleam forget-me-nots of promise. Surely, whatever is innately good, surpassingly true, and beautifully faithful, is of the spirit, and returns not to the dust. It is to me a blessed consolation to believe, that when I shall awaken from the dream of life, it will be to find "the loved ones gone before;" and with them the dear pet animals that were my friends in the long ago. Why not? Is not the Heavenly Father most just, as well as merciful?



*Grey Friars' Bobby.*

More than eight years ago, a poor man named Gray, died, and was buried in the old Grey Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. His grave is now levelled by time, and nothing marks it. But the spot had not been forgotten by his faithful dog. James Brown, the old curator, remembers the funeral well, and that Bobby was one of the most conspicuous of mourners. James found the dog lying on the grave the next morning; and as dogs are not admitted, he turned him out. The second morning the same; the third morning, though cold and wet, there he was, shivering. The old man took pity on him, and fed him. This convinced the dog that he had a right there. Sergeant Scott, R. E., allowed him his board for a length of time, but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Trail, who keeps a restaurant close by. Bobby is regular in his calls, being guided by the midday gun. On the occasion of the new dog tax being raised, Mr. Trail was called upon to pay for Bobby. He would have done so had the dog acknowledged him as his master, but he will attach himself to no one. On hearing the facts of the case, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him, and to mark his admiration of fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar, with brass nails, and an inscription:—"Grey Friars' Bobby, presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867." A lady has written a song for this interesting little creature, which is called "Grey Friars' Bobby to his Friends." I will repeat it to you:—

I hear them say 'tis very lang,  
 That years hae come and gane,  
 Sin' first they put my Maister here,  
 An' grat an' left him lane;  
 I could na, an' I did na gang,  
 For a' they vexed me sair,  
 An' said sae bauld that they nor I  
 Should ever see him mair.

I ken he's near me a' the while,  
 An' I will see him yet;  
 For a' my life he tended me,  
 An' noo he'll no forget.  
 Some blithesome day I'll hear his step,  
 There'll be nae kindred near;  
 For a' they grat they gaed awa,—  
 But he shall find me here.

Is time sae lang?—I dinna mind;  
 Is't cauld? I canna feel;  
 He's near me, and he'll come to me  
 An' sae 'tis very weel.  
 I thank ye a' that are sae kind,  
 As feed an' mak' me braw;  
 Ye're unco gude, but ye're no him—  
 Ye no wile me awa.

I'll bide an' hope!—Do ye the same;  
 For ance I heard that ye  
 Had aye a Master that ye loo'd,  
 An' yet ye might na' see;  
 A Master, too, that car'd for ye,  
 (O, sure ye winna flee!)  
 That's wearying to see ye noo—  
 Ye'll no be waur than me?

—From a tract by "Royal Society P. C. A."

**Memorial Fountain.**

A Memorial Fountain has been erected near the entrance of Old Grey Friars' Church-yard. It is of Peterhead granite, stands seven feet high, and is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze. The pedestal bears the following inscription: "A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Grey Friars' Bobby. In 1856 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Grey Friars' Church-yard, and lingered near the spot till his death in 1872." The fountain has been erected at the expense of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and with the permission of the city authorities.—O. D. A., January, 1874.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
**Good Example.**  
 BY CORA WILBURN.

We human hearts can take a touch of comfort,  
 That by the power of love will guide us on,  
 In "paths of pleasantness," and swift ascension,  
 Till the great victory of our trust is won;  
 The faithful dog, allotted humblest place,  
 Looks for his guerdon in his master's face.

Looks up, and trusts, unquestioning, unfearing,  
 Sharing the splendors of palatial halls;  
 Or, in the sweet content of love and duty,  
 Living in exile where sparse sunlight falls,  
 O'er the chill home of penury and care;  
 His votive love is life's perpetual prayer.

This changeless friend and servitor can give us  
 The rare example that we mortals need;  
 Of love that knows no shadowing of its glory,  
 Of trust that cavils not in thought or deed.  
 Upon our higher wisdom see him lean,—  
 So may we trust the Beautiful Unseen!

And hearts that languish 'neath earth's ban of coldness,  
 May from a dumb friend's earnest sympathy,  
 Rise to calm heights from valley-depths of sorrow,  
 Touched by affection's fervent potency.  
 Dear Lord so just! the creatures thou hast made,  
 With us, are by divinest yearning swayed!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
**Parrots.**

Referring to your article on parrots, in the January number of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, allow me to say that I have heard a parrot sing a little song in Spanish, speaking the words very distinctly. She not only sang, but walked across the floor while singing, turning her head from side to side and moving like a prima donna. I heard another parrot sing snatches of operas. Strange to say, the bird sang only whilst his mistress played the piano, turning a deaf ear to all other performers.

L. B. U.

[Continued from page 69]

such murderous sport?" is a usual form of the question. Wounded birds, we have been told, have come to the houses in the neighborhood, and the report of the guns are heard over a wide extent, driving out other thoughts than the painful ones relating to this cruelty. Now, if shooting on the wing were an acquisition of public concern, or if such skill could be obtained in no other way, some defence of it could be made; but the first shot of America, if not of the world, Capt. Borgardus, uses now, on this side of the water, glass balls for his practice. By means of a trap, the balls are thrown into the air, and, while there, offer excellent practice even to the most skilful. What reason then can be given for the use of living birds? And why should these inhuman spectacles continue?

Every consideration of public morality, of humane education, or of justice, which puts under the ban of the law the prize-fight, or the bear-fight, or the bull-fight, or the abuse of overloading animals, applies to this. While it is not popular, we are glad to know, and the number who, from various considerations, engage in it is not large, it is too common, as long as it exists at all.

Do not the men and women of Massachusetts desire their State freed from the reproach of this barbarity? If so, will they make their representatives and senators aware of their wishes and expectations?

A recent writer on fox-hunting closed with a question, which we will repeat in this connection: "Can it be lawful for Christian men and women to follow sports which involve needless suffering to any of God's creatures?"

Some of the refinements of cruelty practised at Newport, have not been introduced here yet, nor are they necessary to awaken a just indignation. In another column will be found an account of what was seen last summer at that place, as reported to the "Boston Transcript."

We copy a section of the Michigan law, which bears on this point, and is worthy of our imitation.

**SECTION 2.** Any person who shall keep or use any bull, bear, dog, cock, or other animal, or fowl, or bird, for the purpose of fighting, or baiting, or as a target, or to be shot at, either for amusement, or as a test of skill in marksmanship; and any person who shall be a party to, or be present as a spectator at any such fighting, baiting, or shooting of any bear, dog, cock, or other animal, or fowl, or bird; and any person who shall rent any building, shed, room, yard, ground or premises for the purpose of fighting, baiting, or shooting any animal, fowl, or bird, as aforesaid, or shall knowingly suffer or permit the use of any building, shed, room, yard, ground, or premises belonging to him or under his control, for either or any of the purposes aforesaid, shall, on conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor.

#### Improved Cattle Trucks.

It will be remembered that the R. S. P. C. A. offered £400, a few months ago, as premiums for improved cattle-trucks. Their advertisement to competitors was as follows: "In order, if possible, to mitigate the cruelty to which animals are subjected in railway-carriages, during their transit from place to place, the Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offer a premium of £100 for a New Cattle-Truck; also a premium of £100 for Alterations of or Additions

to Cattle-Trucks at present in use; also an additional premium of £100 to each successful competitor, as soon as he shall have induced a railway company to build fifty of his improved trucks, and to bring the same into actual use on their line for the transport of cattle.

**Conditions.**—The improved truck shall be suitable in gauge, dimensions, construction, material, &c., for the same purposes for which cattle-trucks are now used; the truck shall be roofed and provided with spring buffers and axle springs, or other appliances to prevent injuries to animals, during shuntings and sudden startings and stoppages; the truck shall be provided with appointments in the carriages for the supply of food and water to animals during the time when the train is in motion, or with suitable arrangements for feeding and watering them when it is stationary at a platform or siding (in which case the contrivance submitted must include the necessary platform or sliding appointments), so as to prevent the removal of animals from trucks for refreshment; the cost of the truck shall not be greatly in excess of the cost of cattle-trucks now in use, and the trucks shall be satisfactory to the judges." Fifty-five competitors forwarded models in compliance with the above invitation, which were on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum several months during last summer. The judges, after much weeding, eventually selected four of the best designs, and invited the inventors to build trucks on the principle of their models, and of the same dimensions as cattle-trucks now in use on English railways. Each competitor consented, and ultimately two of these were eliminated from the competition. The remaining two are being tried at the present time in the transport of cattle from Holyhead to London, and from Inverness to London.

It should be stated here, that the Society is greatly indebted to the railway companies and traffic managers for consultations held with the judges in this matter, and for facilitating the trial which is now being carried out by permission, and by the assistance of the London and North-Western Company, and their obliging officers. The premiums consist of four separate amounts of £100 each: (1) for a new truck; (2) adaptation of old truck; (3) and (4) when fifty of such new trucks and adaptations, respectively, shall have been brought into use on railways. Owing to the generosity of two gentlemen, only one of the above premiums will be paid out of the funds of the Society. Frederick D. Mocatta, Esq., subscribes £200, and W. Gatty, Esq., £100; both gentlemen are members of the Committee.—*Animal World for January.*

#### The Jersey Cow.

It is under the fostering influence of the careful agriculture and of the genial climate that the Jersey cow has grown to be what she is,—a small, docile, useful domestic animal. She has long been jealously guarded by the Jerseyman as the best cow in the world for his purposes, and it was a wise decision which led the legislature to confine the improvement of the race within the line, rather than yield to the infusion of alien blood. The secret of their great development in the matter of the production of cream and butter has been sought in the fact that perhaps for hundreds of years no other characteristics were considered in their selection. The old unimproved cattle, of which specimens are still to be seen on the island, were exceedingly awkward and ungainly, and had little to recommend them besides their little heads, which no neglect had been able to spoil, and their all-important quality of rich productiveness.

Their most useful characteristics are the effect of continual breeding for a useful result; but their gentleness, their docility, and their beauty—which, when we consider their adaptation for family use, are of an importance only second to this—are due to long generations of kind personal care, and of the constant presence of man, or rather of woman; for in Jersey the women take almost ex-

clusive charge of the cattle. From their very birth these animals are never at liberty; when in the fields, they are always tethered by short ropes to stakes in the ground, and are removed several times a day to fresh grass; they are led to water, and they are led to the stable.—*Waring's Farmer's Vacation.*

#### Cases Investigated by Office Agents in December.

Whole number of complaints, 81; viz., Beating, 8; overworking and overloading, 4; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 18; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 11; abandoning, 1; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 6; cruelly transporting, 2; general cruelty, 27.  
Remedied without prosecution, 28; warnings issued, 25; not substantiated, 20; not found, 3; prosecuted, 5; convicted, 4.  
Animals killed, 19; temporarily taken from work, 18.

#### Receipts by the Society in December.

##### FINES.

Justices' Court.—Westfield (3 cases), \$45.  
Municipal Court.—Boston (2 cases), \$20; Southern District, \$4.  
Superior Court.—Middlesex County, \$15.  
Witness fees, \$7.35. Total, \$91.35.

#### By Country Agents, Fourth Quarter, 1878.

Whole number of complaints, 486; viz., Beating, 46; overloading, 32; overdriving, 52; working when lame or galled, 112; working when diseased, 31; not providing food or shelter, 113; torturing, 11; abandoning, 1; general cruelty, 88.  
Not substantiated, 24; remedied without prosecution, 441; prosecuted, 21; convicted, 19; animals killed, 72; temporarily taken from work, 39.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pickering, \$50; Mrs. Helen M. Gifford, \$50; Miss Blanchard, \$10; A. L. F., \$10; H. Burditt, \$1; Friend, \$5; Mrs. E. W. Appleton, \$52.70; J. McQueen, \$1; Mrs. W. B. Gleason, \$2; F. S. Dyer, \$2.  
Total, \$183.70.

#### SUBSCRIBERS.

A. N. Leeds, \$5; Mrs. E. Sutton, \$5; Mrs. J. B. Kendrick, \$5; Mrs. R. N. Swift, \$3.75; Cumberland Co. Soc., \$4; Miss Murdock, \$3.50; Mrs. F. W. Balch, \$3.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

J. C. Braman, O. Little, Mrs. W. A. Lander, Mrs. L. P. Cheney, Mrs. F. Tudor, W. P. Avis, Miss A. M. Browne, J. A. Treat, W. A. Durand, Mrs. F. Cairns.

#### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

H. E. Ware, E. Pierce, H. M. Field, L. Adams, G. W. Lane, O. Frary, L. F. Billings, J. M. Wilcutt, W. Christie, G. F. Richardson, M. E. Noble, A. A. Aubin, H. Fuller, Jr., R. Balcolm, W. B. Callender, E. D. Currier, H. M. and M. J. Rice, W. Wade, L. C. Haynes, H. H. Davis, A. Ketelers, W. Nye, W. T. Russell, F. Dickenson, R. Hobill, G. Kinney, G. S. Estey, E. Packard, G. A. Parker, H. L. Browne, H. K. Hammond, W. C. Swann, H. Chapman, N. Canterbury, N. K. Platshek, F. M. Robinson, A. C. Thayer, T. D. Weld, E. Dana, E. P. Hall, E. Moulton, F. H. Bradburn, J. W. P. Jenks, E. J. Berry, L. Clapp, M. True, J. Dannels, J. H. Eaton, C. L. Tuttle, G. C. Humphreys, A. M. Libby, E. C. Cogswell, R. Pierce, J. NeSmith, J. B. S. Jackson, 75 cts.; E. Steizer, 50 cts.; C. A. Jordan, 50 cts. Total, \$105.

#### OTHER SUMS.

G. T. Angell and A. Firth, \$51; B. T. Dowse, Trustée, \$15. Total, \$66.  
Total amount received in December, \$446.05.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

#### TERMS:

\$1.00 per annum for one copy; for four, and less than ten copies, 75 cents each; for ten, and less than twenty, 60 cents each; for twenty, and less than fifty, 50 cents each; for fifty, and less than one hundred, 35 cents each; and for one hundred and more, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage FREE to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

#### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

|                                 |                                    |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Active Life, . . . . . \$100 00 | Associate Annual, . . . . . \$5 00 |
| Associate Life, . . . . . 50 00 | Children's, . . . . . 1 00         |
| Active Annual, . . . . . 10 00  | Branch, . . . . . 1 00             |

All members receive "Our Dumb Animals" free, and all Publications of the Society.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, . . . . . President.  
OLIVER W. PEABODY, . . . . . Treasurer.  
ABRAHAM FIRTH, . . . . . Secretary.  
CHARLES A. CURRIER, . . . . . Special Agent.

#### OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

96 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.



